Modesty BLAISE

THE MIND OF MRS. DRAKE

by PETER O'DONNELL and JIM HOLDAWAY

KORZON? PENDER'S WITH ME AND THE FOOLS DESPERATE! HE'S GOT A WRITTEN CONFESSION IN HIS POCKET, TELLING EVERYTHING!
THE CONSULTING ROOM OF V. N. KORZON, OSTEOPATH
NO, OF COURSE HE HASN'T MENTIONED IT TO ME — WHY SHOULD HE? BUT I DON'T HAVE TO BE TOLD THINGS TO KNOW THEM!
I AM AWARE OF THAT, MRS. DRAKE — NOW LISTEN, AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO
501

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF MRS. REBECCA DRAKE — PSYCHOMETRIST
SORRY TO BREAK OFF, MR. PENDER, BUT I HAD TO MAKE A PHONE-CALL — AND YOU USUALLY HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, OF COURSE
YES — SORRY — BUT IT'S AN EMERGENCY, MRS. DRAKE

YOU'VE HELPED ME SEVERAL TIMES ON — UM — DOMESTIC PROBLEMS AND — ER — EVERYDAY THINGS... BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT, I HAVE A — A TERRIBLE DECISION TO MAKE

NO DETAILS PLEASE, MR. PENDER — THE MORE I KNOW, THE MORE MY CONSCIOUS MIND INTERFERES WITH THE PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS — AND WE DON'T WANT THAT, DO WE?
502

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ER... MY SIGNET-RING — IT'S NEVER HANDLED BY ANYONE BUT MYSELF
NOW — WHAT DO WE USUALLY USE FOR CONTACT?

THE RING CLENCHED IN HER HAND, MRS. DRAKE PACES BRISKLY UP AND DOWN, EYES HALF-CLOSED
PAPER... TYPE-WRITTEN SHEETS... AND A MAN, AN IMPORTANT MAN — YES, I CAN SEE HIS OFFICE...

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THIS... WRITING I CAN SEE... I THINK IT IS A CONFESSION OF SOME KIND
YES—MY CONFESSION
IF I GIVE IT TO THE MAN YOU SAW— MY SUPERIOR—I SHALL BE RUINED, COMPLETELY RUINED... BUT IF I DON'T, I THINK I'LL GO MAD... I— I CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN ANY MORE
504
THERE'S A THIRD WAY, MR. PENDER... IT'S NOT QUITE CLEAR, BUT... YES, IT'S VERY CLOSE IN THE FUTURE— AND IT WILL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU WILL SEE A MAN... SOON... I CAN'T TELL WHERE— HE'S RATHER DARK, AND HE HAS A NEAT BLACK BEARD
YES? GO ON!
THAT'S ALL— WHEN YOU MEET THIS MAN YOU WILL BEGIN TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM
BUT- BUT HOW? WHO IS HE? HOW CAN HE HELP ME?
I'M NOT A FORTUNE-TELLER, MR. PENDER— I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU THE PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS I RECEIVE
YES, I- I APOLOGISE... YOUR PRECOGNITIVE GUIDANCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN COMPLETELY ACCURATE BEFORE
505
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MRS. DRAKE, DIDN'T YOU GET ANY IMPRESSION AS TO WHERE I SHALL MEET THIS MAN WITH THE BLACK BEARD?
YES... BUT I COULD MAKE NO SENSE OF IT
MRS. DRAKE PICKS UP THE RINS AGAIN...
AN ENORMOUS SNAKE... A MECHANICAL SNAKE, MOVING VERY FAST... OH, IT'S LIT UP! AND THERE ARE PEOPLE INSIDE IT...
WHY, IT'S A TRAIN, MR. PENDER! PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS AREN'T VISUAL, YOU KNOW, AND IT'S SOMETIMES HARD TO INTERPRET THEM
OF COURSE— BUT A TRAIN, EH? I TRAVEL BY RAIL EVERY DAY!
506
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A LATE TRAIN FROM WATERLOO— AND MR. PENDER MOVES RESTLESSLY ALONG THE FIRST-CLASS CORRIDOR
NEAT BLACK BEARD! THAT'S THE MAN MRS. DRAKE SAID I'D MEET! BUT— BUT HOW DO I REALLY MEET HIM...?
I AM AFRAID THIS COMPARTMENT IS A LITTLE GLOOMY— SOME YOUNG VANDALS SEEM TO HAVE BROKEN THE LIGHT-BULBS
OH— ER... DISGRACEFUL, ISN'T IT?
STILL, IT'LL PREVENT US BURYING OURSELVES IN OUR NEWSPAPERS, EH?
507

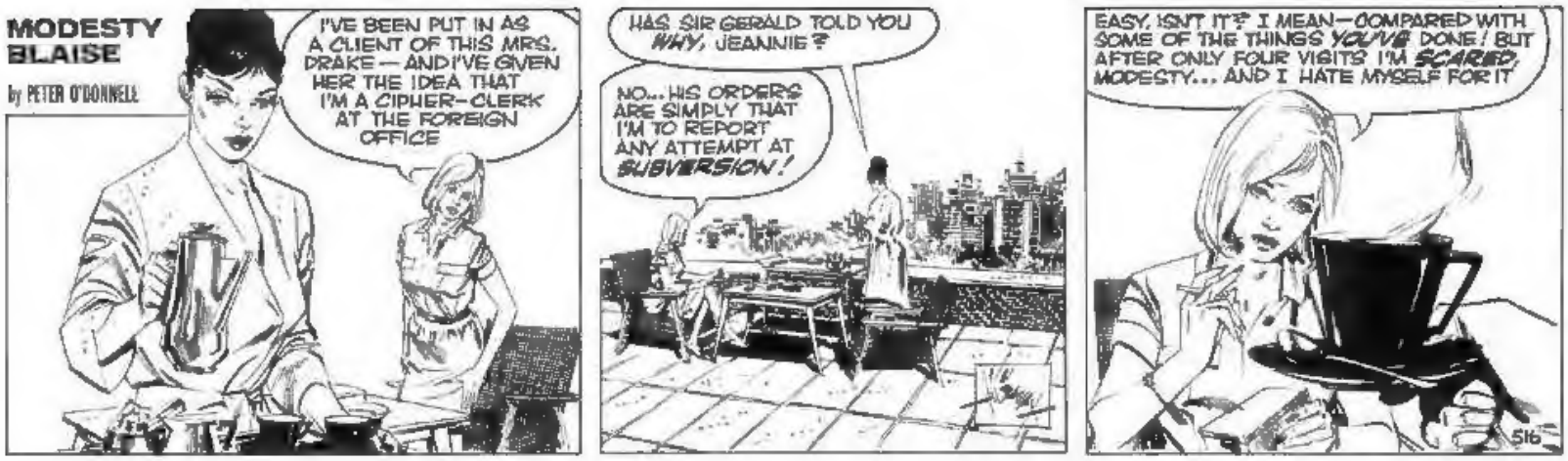
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN YOU ON THIS TRAIN BEFORE, MR.-ER...?
NO, I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T, MR. PENDER
AS THE TRAIN PLUNGES INTO A LONG TUNNEL...
OH, YOU-YOU KNOW MY NAME, THEN?
BUT OF COURSE! I AM THE MAN TO WHOM YOU HAVE BEEN PASSING DEFENCE SECRETS FOR A LONG TIME NOW
THE POWERFUL HANDS OF THE SKILLED OSTEOPATH SLIP INTO POSITION ON PENDER'S NECK— AND WRENCH SHARPLY

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NO MORE PROBLEMS ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR CONFESSION NOW, MR. PENDER...
HALF-WAY THROUGH THE LONG TUNNEL... PENDER LIES DEAD, HIS NECK BROKEN
NEXT DAY, IN SIR GERALD TARRANT'S OFFICE
PENDER— MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, SIR— WE HELD OFF ARRESTING HIM BECAUSE HE WAS A LINK WITH MRS. DRAKE
DEAD, H'MM? PITY...
509

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FRASER... I THINK WE MUST ESTABLISH A LINK OF OUR OWN WITH THE PSYCHIC MRS. DRAKE
WHOM DO YOU SUGGEST, SIR GERALD?
WE COULD PUT JEANNIE CHALLON IN... LIMITED OBJECTIVE. JUST TO REPORT ANY ATTEMPT AT SUBVERSION
SIX WEEKS LATER, IN THE PENT-HOUSE BLOCK WHERE MODESTY BLAISE LIVES...
MY GAME— YOU'RE OFF-FORM TODAY, JEANNIE
510

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'D RATHER JUST POP UNDER YOUR SHOWER IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT
DO YOU WANT A SWIM BEFORE WE GO UP, JEANNIE?
SORRY I GAVE YOU A POOR GAME TODAY, MODESTY... SOMETHING ON MY MIND
THE PRIVATE LIFT TO MODESTY'S PENT HOUSE
THE JOB— I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT... SIR GERALD SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT TO TALK TO YOU, ANY TIME
PERSONAL? OR THE JOB?
511

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BATH IS READY, MISS BLAISE
THANK YOU, WENG—COFFEE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, PLEASE
HOW'S WENG SHAPING UP AS YOUR HOUSEBOY?
TOO WELL!
I WAS GOING TO HAVE HIM TRAINED FOR A CAREER—BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE THE NICHE WHERE HE'S HAPPIEST
512
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IS IT ALL RIGHT TO TALK NOW, MODESTY?
JUST A SECOND...
WENG—WHEN YOU'VE MADE THE COFFEE, TAKE YOURSELF OFF FOR AN HOUR
HAVE A SWIM OR SOMETHING
YES, MISS BLAISE—THANK YOU
513
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THIS IS YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT SINCE YOU FINISHED TRAINING AND WORKED A SPELL IN SIR GERALD'S OFFICE, ISN'T IT JEANNIE?
YES... AND IT'S SIMPLE ROUTINE
YET I'M SCARED, MODESTY... AND I FEEL SO ASHAMED
IT'S NOT UNUSUAL, YOU KNOW... YOUR FATHER WAS AN AGENT FOR NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DURING THE WAR—HE'LL TELL YOU THE SAME
NO... IF HE KNEW, HE'D BE DISAPPOINTED IN ME
514
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THERE'S A WOMAN CALLED MRS. REBECCA DRAKE, A PSYCHOMETRIST—I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT AT FIRST
CLAIRVOYANT... EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION?
YES, BUT IT'S NOT CRYSTAL-BALL STUFF—SHE'S SUPPOSED TO GET PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS ABOUT THE PAST AND THE FUTURE BY 'SENSING' AN OBJECT BELONGING TO THE PERSON CONCERNED
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU BELIEVE ALL THIS SORT OF THING, MODESTY...?
NOT ALL OF IT—BUT SOME
WHAT'S SIR GERALD'S INTEREST IN MRS. DRAKE?
515


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'VE BEEN PUT IN AS A CLIENT OF THIS MRS. DRAKE — AND I'VE GIVEN HER THE IDEA THAT I'M A CIPHER-CLERK AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE
HAS SIR GERALD TOLD YOU WHY, JEANNIE?
NO... HIS ORDERS ARE SIMPLY THAT I'M TO REPORT ANY ATTEMPT AT SUBVERSION!
EASY, ISN'T IT? I MEAN — COMPARED WITH SOME OF THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE! BUT AFTER ONLY FOUR VISITS I'M SCARED, MODESTY... AND I HATE MYSELF FOR IT
516

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
JEANNIE CHALLON TELLS MODESTY OF HER FEARS...
IT'S NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING SCAREY ABOUT MRS. DRAKE HERSELF... SHE'S VERY BRISK AND DOWN-TO-EARTH
I'M SURE SHE REALLY CAN 'SEE' THINGS, OR SENSE THEM IN SOME WAY, BUT THAT ISN'T WHAT SCARES ME, EITHER... I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS
517
JUST A NASTY, SHAPELESS SORT OF FEELING, I SUPPOSE — MAYBE I'M PSYCHIC MYSELF, MODESTY
SIR GERALD WOULDN'T HAVE YOU CHECKING ON HER WITHOUT GOOD REASON...

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HOW DO YOU STOP YOURSELF BEING AFRAID, MODESTY?
YOU DON'T... YOU JUST ACCEPT IT... I WAS AFRAID ALMOST EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE UNTIL I WAS ABOUT TEN
AND THEN?
IF YOU SOLDIER ON, YOU CAN LEARN TO LOCK IT UP IN A DARK CORNER OF YOUR MIND SO THAT IT DOESN'T FEEL A PART OF YOU
BUT YOU HAVE TO START BY NOT BEING ASHAMED OF IT, JEANNIE ... I CAN TEACH YOU SOME YOGA EXERCISES THAT WILL HELP
YES PLEASE ... BUT JUST TALKING HAS HELPED A LOT
518

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COME AND HAVE DINNER WITH ME ON SUNDAY, JEANNIE — I'LL GET WILLIE GARVIN ALONG, AND HE'LL GIVE YOU A MARVELLOUS LECTURE ON 'OW TO 'ANDLE A DODGY CAPER WITHOUT GETTING THE WIND UP
I'D LOVE TO — WILLIE'S A TONIC ANYWAY
I MIGHT GET SIR GERALD ALONG, TOO... AND ASK HIM WHY COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE ARE INTERESTED IN MRS. DRAKE
THE CONSULTING ROOM OF V. KORZON — OSTEOPATH
IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL JEANNIE CHALLON
WHAT ABOUT HER, MRS. DRAKE?
519

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
JEANNIE CHALLON FIRST CAME TO ME FOR CONSULTATION A FEW WEEKS BACK— CIVIL SERVANT, CIPHER-CLERK AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE
YES, A GOOD PROSPECT— VERY FORTUNATE— THEY ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN
SHE'S A PHONEY— PUT IN BY COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE TO CHECK ON ME
ARE YOU QUITE SURE OF WHAT YOU SAY?
LOOK, KORZON, I'M NOT A THOUGHT-READER, BUT YOU KNOW DAMN WELL I'M A GENUINE SENSITIVE! OF COURSE I'M SURE...
520

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU HAVE NO HARD PROOF THAT THE GIRL IS SPYING ON YOU? JUST YOUR PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS?
MY DEAR MAN, I KNOW THE COMMUNIST PARTY USED TO REJECT E.S.P. AS CAPITALIST SUPERSTITION...
BUT NOW YOUR OWN SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING ON TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION FOR ASTRONAUTS, RIGHT? SO YOU WON'T BE A DEVIATIONIST IF YOU RELY ON MY PSYCHIC PROOF!
I TELL YOU THE CHALLON GIRL HAS BEEN PUT IN TO CHECK ON ME— I CAN EVEN DESCRIBE THE MAN WHO BRIEFED HER!
THEN DO SO, MRS. DRAKE
521

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE MAN YOU DESCRIBE IS CALLED TARRANT... HE RUNS A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT RESPONSIBLE ONLY TO THE PRIME MINISTER
WELL, THAT'S THAT
I SIMPLY TREAT THE CHALLON GIRL AS AN ORDINARY CLIENT— NO PROBING FOR WEAKNESSES THAT YOU CAN USE TO SQUEEZE HER, RIGHT?
I MEAN, YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE CREATURE WITHOUT STIRRING UP A HORNETS' NEST!
PERHAPS NOT ...BUT THESE MORE PRACTICAL SPECULATIONS ARE FOR ME TO WORRY ABOUT, DEAR MRS DRAKE
522

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE COTTAGE WHERE JEANNIE LIVES WITH HER FATHER, COMMANDER ROGER CHALLON, LATE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
BUSY DAY, JEANNIE?
NO, VERY QUIET... I TOOK A LONG LUNCH-HOUR AND SPENT IT AT MODESTY'S PLACE
OLD TARRANT TELLS ME SHE'S A REMARKABLE WOMAN— I'D LIKE TO MEET HER
I'LL BRING HER DOWN FOR A WEEK-END... YOU'LL LOVE HER
HOW WAS YOUR DAY, DARLING?
NOT BAD... GEORGE POTTER DROPPED IN TO READ ME THE MORNING PAPER— AH, I KNEW THOSE DAMN MATCHES WERE HERE SOMEWHERE
523

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BORED, JEANNIE?
WITH CHOPIN? HEAVENS, NO! AND YOU'VE A WONDERFUL TOUCH, YOU KNOW — ESPECIALLY FOR A HARD-BITTEN OLD SAILOR
YOU PLAY FAR BETTER THAN YOU USED TO — MUCH MORE WARMTH, SOMEHOW
AH, I ONLY BEGAN TO HEAR MUSIC PROPERLY AFTER I LOST MY SIGHT, TEN YEARS AGO...
524
...IN FACT, I'M RATHER PROUD OF MY NOCTURNES NOW — BUT IF YOU WANT SOMETHING MORE MARTIAL, WE'LL TRY THE 'POLONAISE IN A'
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FROM THE HANDS OF A BLIND MAN... THE STIRRING CHORDS OF A POLONAISE...
WONDER WHY YOUNG CHOPIN WAS THE FIRST TO USE HIS THUMB ON THE BLACK NOTES...?
I SUPPOSE IT'S ONE OF THOSE IDEAS THAT SEEM OBVIOUS AFTER SOMEBODY'S THOUGHT OF IT
JEANNE CHALLON TURNS HER HEAD — AND FREEZES
525
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE MASSIVE CHORDS OF THE POLONAISE DROWN ALL OTHER SOUND... AND JEANNIE OBEYS THE UNSPOKEN COMMAND...
WE HAVE A CAR WAITING, MISS CHALLON
DON'T MAKE TROUBLE — MY FRIEND HAS NO SCRUPLES ABOUT HURTING A BLIND MAN... HE JUST FEELS IT'S THAT MUCH EASIER
526
IS THIS MORE SUITABLE FOR AN OLD WAR-HORSE, JEANNIE? YOU USED TO LIKE IT EVEN WHEN YOU WERE IN PIGTAILS, I REMEMBER
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MORNING, IN MODESTY'S PENTHOUSE
GLAD TO HAVE YOU, WILLIE... LOOK, JEANNIE CHALLON LEFT THIS BROOCH WITH ME
NICE TO COME UP TO THE BIG SMOKE FOR A WEEK-END, PRINCESS
I'VE RE-SET THE STONES, BUT THE GOLD FILIGREE NEEDS REPAIRING — CAN YOU FIX IT?
SURE... GOOD AS NEW
A GENTLEMAN BELOW ASKS TO SEE YOU URGENTLY, MISS BLAISE — HIS NAME IS TARRANT
SIR GERALD? YES, SEND THE LIFT DOWN FOR HIM RIGHT AWAY, WENG
527

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SIR GERALD... WHAT A NICE SURPRISE
I'M AFRAID NOT, MODESTY
JEANNIE CHALLON HAS DISAPPEARED ... I'VE JUST COME FROM HER FATHER
JEANNIE? TAKEN?
YES... AND I BLAME MYSELF— I MISJUDGED A SITUATION, BADLY
ANY IDEA WHO'S GOT 'ER, SIR G? AN' WHERE?
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I KNOW YOU PUT JEANNIE CHALLON IN AS A CLIENT OF THIS PSYCHOMETRIST WOMAN, MRS. REBECCA DRAKE— BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY, AND NEITHER DID JEANNIE
IT WAS A LONG SHOT...
...WE'RE TRYING TO PIN DOWN SOMEBODY WE CALL "THE RECRUITING OFFICER"
AND WE THOUGHT MRS. DRAKE MIGHT BE A LEAD
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT THEN, IF THEY'VE SNATCHED JEANNIE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHAT DOES THIS "RECRUITING OFFICER" DO?
WORKS FOR A FOREIGN POWER, RECRUITING CANDIDATES FOR ESPIONAGE... HE'S AN EXPERT IN THE DELICATE ART OF SUBORNING USEFUL PEOPLE
USEFUL LITTLE PEOPLE... A CIPHER-CLERK, A JUNIOR SCIENTIST, A DRAUGHTSMAN IN AIRCRAFT DESIGN
AH! SO THIS OLD BOILER MRS. DRAKE—
YES, THAT MUST BE IT, WILLIE... SHE'S HIS PSYCHIC TALENT-SCOUT!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
OVER THE LAST YEAR OR SO WE'VE CHECKED BACK ON SEVERAL MINOR CASES OF "PASSING INFORMATION TO A FOREIGN POWER"...
AND FOUR OF THE PEOPLE CONCERNED HAD A COMMON DENOMINATOR — THEY HAD BEEN CLIENTS OF MRS. DRAKE
IT FIGURES, PRINCESS— THIS OL' PSYCHIC BIRD WOULD ATTRACT THE WEIRDIES, THE PEOPLE WHO CAN'T COPE
YES... JUST THE RIGHT MATERIAL FOR "THE RECRUITING OFFICER" TO START WORK ON
THAT WAS OUR THINKING, MODESTY

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AND ASSUME SHE'S A GENUINE SENSITIVE, AS JEANNIE SAID
ASSUME THAT MRS. DRAKE GETS SOME CLIENTS WHO HAVE FRINGE INFORMATION USEFUL TO THE OTHER SIDE...
THEN SHE'D KNOW THESE PEOPLE 'AD SOMETHING, WITHOUT BEING TOLD
AND "THE RECRUITING OFFICER" MOVES IN WITH THE CLASSIC METHODS OF SUBVERSION
BLACKMAIL, MONEY, MISGUIDED IDEALISM— MRS. DRAKE COULD TELL HIM WHICH WAS THE BEST APPROACH
MAYBE SHE COULD TELL THAT JEANNIE WAS PUT IN AS BAIT...
532
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT LEAST YOU KNOW NOW THAT MRS. DRAKE IS A PART OF IT, SIR GERALD... YOU PUT JEANNIE IN AS BAIT, AND THEY SWALLOWED HER WHOLE
I MISJUDGED THEIR REACTION... DIDN'T DREAM THE CHILD WAS IN DANGER
WHY SHOULD YOU? IT'S A CRAZY REACTION— THEY'VE SHOWN THEIR HAND NOW
THERE MUST BE A FACTOR WE DON'T KNOW OF... BUT WE'LL SEE HOW MRS. DRAKE REACTS TO ME, WHEN I HAND HER JEANNIE'S BROOCH AS THE PSYCHIC CONTACT
533
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT COMMANDER CHALLON'S COTTAGE...
WHO IS IT?
TARRANT— I'VE BROUGHT MODESTY BLAISE TO SEE YOU, ROGER
AND WILLIE GARVIN— WE'RE GOING AFTER JEANNIE, COMMANDER
'ALLO, SIR
MY GOD, GERALD, YOU'VE CALLED UP YOUR BIG GUNS FOR JEANNIE... I'M VERY GRATEFUL
NOT MY GUNS, ROGER— THEY'RE JEANNIE'S FRIENDS. I DIDN'T HAVE TO PERSUADE THEM
534
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
PLEASE BE BLUNT, MISS BLAISE— DO YOU THINK JEANNIE IS STILL ALIVE?
YES
YOU WERE IN THE SERVICE AND YOU KNOW THE SCORE, COMMANDER— IF THESE PEOPLE WANT TO KILL, THEY DON'T KIDNAP... IT'S MUCH EASIER TO ARRANGE AN ACCIDENT
EASIER ON THE VICTIM TOO, PERHAPS?
IT COULD WELL BE SO— I WON'T OFFER FALSE COMFORT
GOOD GIRL— NOW WHERE DO WE GO FROM THERE?
535

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHEN MRS. DRAKE ASKS ME FOR AN OBJECT TO "SENSE," I SHALL GIVE HER THIS BROOCH OF JEANNIE'S
THAT SHOULD BRING A SHARP REACTION— AND A DANGEROUS ONE FOR YOU!
IT'S MODESTY'S KIND OF GAME, ROGER
YES... IT USED TO BE MY KIND OF GAME ONCE, WHEN I HAD MY SIGHT
I'M SEEING THIS WOMAN AT 8.30. WE ONLY CALLED TO PUT YOU IN THE PICTURE —I FELT YOU MUST KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING
YOU'RE VERY THOUGHTFUL ...BUT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A CLEARER PICTURE— OF YOU. PLEASE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILL YOU ALLOW ME...? JEANNIE HAS DESCRIBED YOU, BUT I CAN ONLY SEE CLEARLY THROUGH MY HANDS
OF COURSE...
DEFTLY, WITH THE LIGHTEST OF TOUCHES, THE BLIND MAN'S FINGERTIPS TRACE THE CONTOURS OF MODESTY'S FEATURES
THANK YOU... I HAVE A CLEAR PICTURE NOW... IT WILL HELP ME IN THINKING OF YOU TONIGHT...
AND IF... IF YOU CAN'T SAVE JEANNIE, PLEASE DON'T RISK YOURSELF TO AVENGE HER, MY DEAR
537

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

EVENING, AT MODESTY'S APARTMENT, WILLIE GARVIN ANSWERS THE PHONE
RIGHT, I'LL TELL 'ER
SIR G'S AT 'IS OFFICE— HE'S GOT A TAP ON THE DRAKE WOMAN'S PHONE, AN' ONE OF 'IS CLOAK-AND-DAGGER BLOKES IS WATCHING THE BACK OF THE 'OUSE
YOU'LL WATCH THE FRONT, WILLIE LOVE... I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS WILL GO, BUT IF SHE COMES OUT, FOLLOW HER— DON'T COME LOOKING FOR ME
538

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN MRS. DRAKE'S CONSULTING ROOM...
WELL NOW, MISS BLAISE, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU UNDERSTAND PSYCHOMETRIC TECHNIQUE—
YOU NEED AN OBJECT TO WORK WITH, DON'T YOU? A PERSONAL BELONGING?
THAT'S RIGHT, MY DEAR— SOMETHING THAT'S ABSORBED YOUR PSYCHIC AURA
THIS BROOCH, PERHAPS? IT SHOULD HAVE A STRONG AURA, I THINK
MRS. DRAKE'S HAND CLOSES OVER THE BROOCH... AND SHOCK DRAINS HER FACE OF COLOUR
BELONGS TO THE CHALLON GIRL— PRISONER... KORZON'S GOT HER!
539

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU SEEM SHAKEN, MRS DRAKE... DID YOU GET SOME PARTICULARLY POWERFUL PSYCHIC IMPRESSION FROM THE BROOCH?
NO... IT'S NOTHING... JUST A SLIGHT ETHERIC REACTION... PLEASE DON'T DISTURB YOURSELF, I'LL BE WITH YOU AGAIN IN A FEW MOMENTS
GOING TO RING HER BIG CHIEF... AND SIR GERALD HAS A TAP ON THE LINE
540

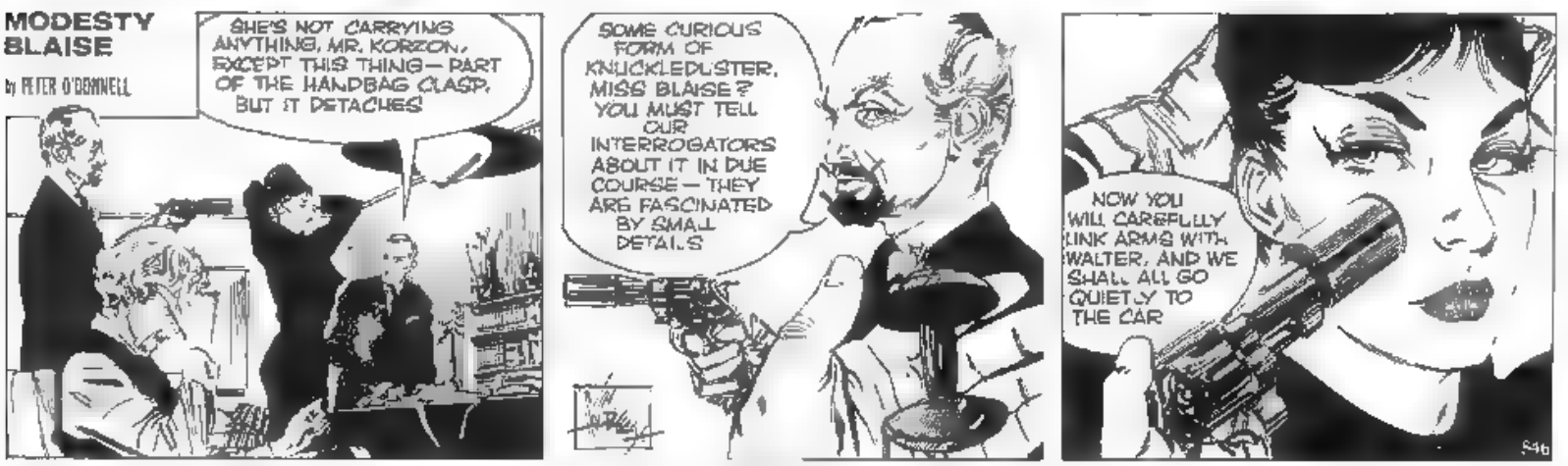
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
OUTSIDE MRS. DRAKE'S HOUSE
COUPLE OF BLOKES JUST ARRIVED IN A CAR. THEY'RE GOING UP TO THE 'OUSE
'AVEN'T KNOCKED— THEY'RE USING A KEY! NO, IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING MODESTY'S STARTED. SHE'S ONLY BEEN IN THERE THREE MINUTES
KORZON! I WAS JUST RINGING YOU! YOU MUST BE INSANE, COMING HERE!
IT WILL DO NO HARM NOW, MRS DRAKE— BUT WHY ARE YOU SO AGITATED? HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED?
541

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN A FURIOUS WHISPER...
YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU'VE KIDNAPPED THE CHALLON GIRL, HAVEN'T YOU?
YES, MRS DRAKE — BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?
BECAUSE I'VE GOT A CLIENT IN THERE. SHE GAVE ME A BROOCH TO SENSE, BUT IT'S NOT HERS! BELONGS TO THAT GIRL! HIT ME LIKE A CLUB AS SOON AS I TOUCHED IT!
YOU REALLY DO HAVE REMARKABLE PSYCHIC ABILITY. FORTUNATELY FOR US, AT THIS MOMENT! WHAT IS YOUR CLIENT'S NAME?
SHE... SHE CALLS HERSELF MODESTY BLAISE
542

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MISS BLAISE...?
STAND UP, PLACE YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD, AND KEEP THEM THERE... THE GUN'S SILENCED
VERY GOOD— NOW SEARCH HER, WALTER
543

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU'RE MAD, KORZON, MAD! WHEN YOU K DNAPPED THE CHALLON GIRL YOU BLEW ME WITH COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE! AND NOW THIS!
THEY PUT JEANNIE CHALLON IN BECAUSE THEY SUSPECTED YOU, MRS DRAKE AND THAT ALONE MADE OUR CELL HERE USELESS...
WE HAVE BETTER USE FOR YOU AT HOME NOW— OUR SC ENTISTS ARE D LIGENTLY NVESTIGATING THE RARE PSYCHIC POWERS THAT PEOPLE LIKE YOU ARE GIFTED WITH
544

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU'RE... YOU'RE TAKING ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY?
TO A GOOD LIFE, MRS. DRAKE NEVER FEAR WE WOULD NOT WISH YOU TO SUFFER THE PENALTY OF TREASON, AS YOU WILL IF YOU STAY
WE ARE ALSO TAKING THE CHALLON GIRL, AND THIS SILENT YOUNG WOMAN HERE
OUR INTERROGATORS CAN REAP A REMARKABLE HARVEST OF USEFUL INFORMATION FROM THE MOST MEDIOCRE SOIL
545


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SHE'S NOT CARRYING ANYTHING, MR. KORZON, EXCEPT THIS THING— PART OF THE HANDBAG CLASP. BUT IT DETACHES
SOME CURIOUS FORM OF KNUCKLEDUSTER, MISS BLAISE? YOU MUST TELL OUR INTERROGATORS ABOUT IT IN DUE COURSE— THEY ARE FASCINATED BY SMALL DETAILS
NOW YOU WILL CAREFULLY LINK ARMS WITH WALTER, AND WE SHALL ALL GO QUIETLY TO THE CAR
546

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WELL? ARE YOU COMING, MRS. DRAKE?
I'VE GOT TO COME, DAMN YOU! BUT AT LEAST LET ME PACK SOMETHING!
QUITE UNNECESSARY — WE WILL PROVIDE ALL THINGS FOR YOU
THEY'RE COMING OUT.. TWO MEN, MODESTY AND THE OLD DUCK... MOVING VERY CAREFUL — THEY GOT A GUN ON MODESTY THAT'S FOR SURE
547

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

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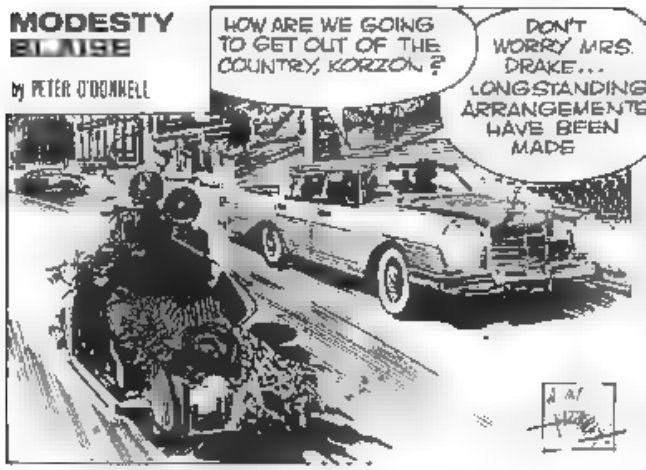


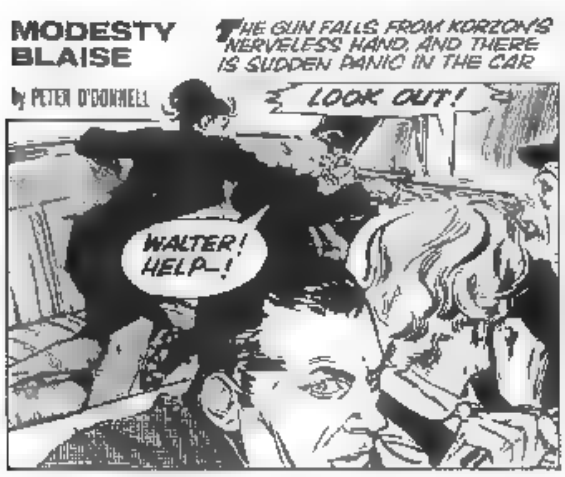
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY'S FINGERS GRIP THE KONGO HIDDEN IN HER CHIGNON
I'LL JUST RELAX THANK YOU — MAY I LOWER A HAND TO LOOK AT THE TIME?
NO... I WILL TELL YOU

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY BLAISE

IN THE CONFINES OF THE CAR, A SCRAMBLING STRUGGLE

KEEP DRIVING! THERE'S A CAR COMING UP FAST ON OUR TAIL!

UHH!

MODESTY HOOKS THE HANDLE BACK WITH HER FOOT, AND KICKS THE OFFSIDE DOOR OPEN . . .

LEFT, YOU FOOL! IT'S A CUL-DE-SAC STRAIGHT ON!

552

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE CAR BRAKES HARD TO SWING LEFT

STOP HER!

AH! NICE GOING, PRINCESS...

MODESTY HITS THE ROAD IN A ROLLING BREAKFALL

CAN YOU PICK HER OFF?

NO! THE OTHER CAR HAS SWUNG ACROSS TO COVER HER! KEEP GOING!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

OKAY, PRINCESS?

NO SCRAPES?

NOTHING MUCH, WILLIE— JUST A BIT OF SKIN LOST AND A PAIR OF TIGHTS RUINED

DO WE CHASE THAT LOT?

NO, THE POLICE CAN BLOCK THEM NOW— WE'RE GOING TO GET JEANNIE OUT OF TROUBLE SHE'S AT THE FLAT OF A MAN CALLED KORZON!

554

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN SIR GERALD TARRANT'S OFFICE...

I SEEMS THERE'S ONLY ONE "KORZON" IN THE LONDON DIRECTORY, SIR GERALD— AN OSTEOPATH, LIVING AT MARGRAVE HOUSE

HAVE CONTROL INFORM MODESTY BLAISE OF THE ADDRESS - AND THEY'RE TO SAY I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW WITH TWO MEN

MARGRAVE 'OUSE, PRINCESS— AN' SIR G'S GOING ON THE JOB 'IMSELF, WITH A COUPLE OF MEN!

SAY WE'LL JOIN HIM THERE, WILLIE

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN KORZON'S FLAT
IT'S NUMBER ONE - AND HE SAYS WE'RE BLOWN!
WAIT - THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE
DID YOU SAY... KILL HER, MR. KORZON?
YES. I UNDERSTAND WE'LL SEE TO IT AT ONCE
556
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AT [redacted]VE HOUSE, ONE OF TARRANT'S MEN SHOWS A SPECIAL BRANCH C[redacted]
WE WANT FLAT 23 - AND NO FUSS, NO CALLS TO THE PRESS
OH! ER.. EIGHTH FLOOR, SIR. TURN LEFT WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THE LIFT
SIR GERALD
AH, MODESTY! THANK GOD YOU LOCATED JEANNIE CHALLON FOR US - WE'RE JUST GOING UP TO GET HER
DID THEY NAB KORZON WITH THE ROAD-BLOCKS, SIR G?
ONLY HIS ABANDONED CAR, HE AND HIS FRIENDS MUST HAVE SWITCHED TO ANOTHER - BUT ALL SEA AND AIR PORTS HAVE BEEN WARNED
557
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
KORZON SPOKE OF TWO MEN GUARDING JEANNIE - HE CALLED THEM GORDON AND FELIX
I DON'T DOUBT THEY'LL BE ARMED, SIR GERALD - ARE YOUR MEN?
NO, I'S FROWNED ON - WHAT ABOUT YOU, MY DEAR?
NO GUN... YOU'D BETTER LEAD, WILLIE LOVE
THEY'RE HERE! I SAW THEM THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE, GORDON!
BACK WINDOW - IT'S AN EASY CLIMB DOWN, AND THERE'S ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM HERE FOR A MINUTE OR TWO
558
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE OPENS THE MORTICE LOCK WITH A PROBE AND MOVES IN WARILY, KNIFE POISED
GENTLY, WILLIE... THESE PEOPLE ARE PROS
WE'RE NOT LAID FOR, PRINCESS, I CAN SMELL IT.. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE... BAD TROUBLE
JEANNIE!
AH, NO-!
559

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
DON'T TRY TO TALK, JEANNIE — LET ME SEE HOW BAD T IS
KORZON... RUNS SPY-CE... OTHER MEN, FELIX AND GORDON... THEY SHOT ME.. SILENCED GUN ..
ALL RIGHT, DARLING — WILLIE'S DOING IT NOW
UHH! NO, DON'T MOVE ME... IT'S NO USE, BUT IF YOU COULD JUST - FREE MY HANDS PLEASE
560
MODESTY.. I WASN'T SCARED, NOT VERY.. I KNEW YOU'D COME...
TOO LATE... OH JEANNIE TOO LATE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SHE'S GONE...
IT CAN ONLY HAVE HAPPENED SECONDS AGO — WHERE ARE THEY?
SIR GERALD! HERE!
LOOK - TWO OF THEM TRYING TO CLIMB DOWN THROUGH THE FRAMEWORK OF THIS NEW EXTENSION SIR!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE TWO KILLERS BEGIN TO WORK THEIR WAY DOWN THE TOWERING STEEL FRAMEWORK
FORBES! POULTER! GET BELOW — I'LL RING THE YARD AND HAVE THEM SEND A COUPLE OF SQUAD CARS
562
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM THE TOP WILLIE
RIGHT
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY! WAIT!
I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO TAKE NEEDLESS RISKS !
BE QUIET! JEANNIE'S DEAD AND I'VE GOT WORK TO DO
THIRTY SECONDS LATER ...
THEY'VE SPLIT, PRINCESS ONE'S CLIMBING DOWN, THE OTHER'S WORKING HIS WAY ACROSS TO THAT LITTLE HOIST
YOU TAKE THE HOIST ONE, WILLIE — AND TAKE HIM ALL THE WAY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A STRANGE, SLOW-MOTION PURSUIT THROUGH THE STEEL SKELETON OF THE BUILDING...

THE HEAVY PLOP OF A SILENCED GUN AND A BULLET FLATTENS AGAINST THE STEEL FACE OF A GIRDER ONLY A FOOT FROM WILLIE GARVIN'S HEAD

AH. COME ON YOU BASKET - TRY CROSSING THAT STRETCH TO REACH THE LIFT, AND I'LL 'AVE YOU!

564

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE SMELL OF FRICTION-BURNED CLOTH AS MODESTY USES HER SKIRT TO SLIDE SWIFTLY DOWN A STEEL STANCHION

AHEAD OF HIM NOW..

ON THE FAR SIDE, FELIX EDGES ALONG A JOIST, FIRING TO KEEP WILLIE GARVIN PINNED DOWN

565

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

FELIX SPRAWLS ON THE PLATFORM OF THE HOIST, AND JABS AT THE SWITCH OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR

SPECIAL FOR JEANNIE, THIS ONE...

YOU SHOULDN'T 'VE SHOT 'ER IN THE STOMACH, MATEY!

UHH!

AS THE HOIST SINKS DOWN, THE SHRILL WHIMPERING OF THE DYING KILLER REACHES TARRANT'S MEN WAITING BELOW

WHAT THE HELL...

566

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HE'S SHAKY...

MODESTY TWITCHES A LONG ROPE TIED TO THE HANDLE OF A BUCKET

AND AS GORDON SPINS ROUND IN SUDDEN ALARM —

AAAGH!

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THAT'S THE OTHER ONE! TOO BAD IF THE OLD MAN WANTED THEM ALIVE...
HE CAN ARGUE THAT OUT WITH THE BLAISE GIRL... GET GARVIN'S KNIFE OUT OF THAT ONE, WILL YOU? WE'VE GOT SOME HUSHING-UP TO DO
FOUR STOREYS ABOVE...
THAT'S THAT BIT, PRINCESS WHAT'S NEXT?
NEXT... WE HAVE TO TELL JEANNIE'S FATHER THAT SHE'S DEAD
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE EARLY HOURS, AT COMMANDER CHALLON'S COTTAGE
MY POOR JEANNIE...
YOU... MUSTN'T BLAME YOURSELF, GERALD... JEANNIE WAS AN AGENT... IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE HAD AN AGENT DIE
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME FOR JEANNIE
THE BLIND MAN'S HAND GROPES FOR MODESTY'S SHOULDER
HAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TWIST THE KNIFE IN HIM, MODESTY? JEANNIE WAS YOUR FRIEND— BUT SHE WAS ALL THAT I HAD LEFT
I'M SORRY... PLEASE FORGIVE ME
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'LL HAVE WILLIE STAY IN TOWN WITH ME UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND KORZON AND THE REST OF THEM, SIR GERALD
WE'D LIKE TO BE THERE WHEN THE TIME COMES— PLEASE
ONLY AS OBSERVERS, MODESTY... I CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE OF THEM KILLED
570
I'D LIKE TO BE THERE MYSELF, GERALD... I CAN'T EVEN OBSERVE... BUT I'D LIKE TO BE THERE WHEN YOU TAKE THEM
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN MODESTY'S PENTHOUSE, AT TWO IN THE MORNING, A WEEK AFTER JEANNIE CHALLON'S DEATH...
PRINCESS...?
WHAT IS IT, WILLIE? COME IN
AND PASS MY WRAP— I STILL SLEEP RAW
DON'T WONDER YOU SLEEP IN YOUR CLOTHES 'ALF YOUR LIFE, AN' IT'S NICE TO FEEL FREE
LOOK... I'VE JUST WOKE UP WITH A CRAZY IDEA, PRINCESS
ABOUT FINDING KORZON AND THE REST?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SIR G. SAYS KORZON AND 'IS MATE'S ARE STILL IN THE COUNTRY, LYING LOW SOMEWHERE...
NOW I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT OL' PSYCHIC DRAKE WOMAN SHE KNEW AL SORTS OF THINGS ABOUT PEOPLE, JUST BY HANDLING SOMETHING THAT BELONGED TO 'EM
WELL, SHE CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE AROUND—SO COULD WE TRY GETTING A PSYCHIC LINE ON HER? OR AM I BARMY?
NO, WILLIE LOVE— I THINK YOU'VE BEEN TAKING CLEVER-PILLS!

MODESTY BLAISE

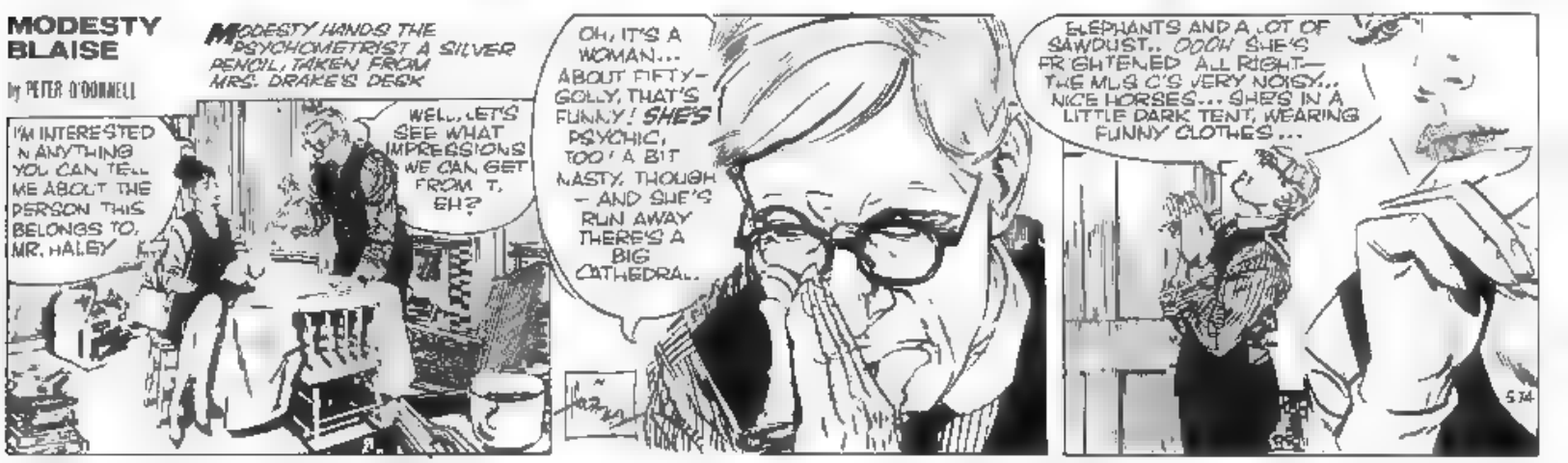
by PETER O'DONNELL

BOOKSHOP
MR. HALEY, I'VE ENQUIRED AT THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, AND 'M TOLD THAT YOU'VE CARRIED OUT A NUMBER OF PSYCHOMETRICAL TESTS FOR THEM
OH, THAT'S RIGHT, MISS – BUT I DON'T DO IT PROFESSIONALLY. IT'S JUST A FUNNY SORT OF GIFT I'VE ALWAYS HAD
MY NAME IS MODESTY BLAISE, AND I'D BE MOST GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD EXERCISE YOUR GIFT FOR ME, MR. HALEY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY HANDS THE PSYCHOMETRIST A SILVER PENCIL, TAKEN FROM MRS. DRAKE'S DESK


I'M INTERESTED IN ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THE PERSON THIS BELONGS TO, MR. HALEY
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT IMPRESSIONS WE CAN GET FROM IT, EH?
OH, IT'S A WOMAN... ABOUT FIFTY– GOLLY, THAT'S FUNNY! SHE'S PSYCHIC, TOO! A BIT NASTY, THOUGH – AND SHE'S RUN AWAY THERE'S A BIG CATHEDRAL..
ELEPHANTS AND A LOT OF SAWDUST.. OOOH SHE'S FRIGHTENED ALL RIGHT— THE MUSIC'S VERY NOISY... NICE HORSES... SHE'S IN A LITTLE DARK TENT, WEARING FUNNY CLOTHES...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WELL I DON'T KNOW IF I'VE BEEN ANY HELP, MISS— THEY WERE A QUEER LOT OF IMPRESSIONS I GOT FROM THE PENCIL...
ELEPHANTS AND HORSES, AND THAT WOMAN IN A SORT OF FANCY DRESS —I COULDN'T MAKE SENSE OF IT MYSELF
IT MAKES SENSE TO ME, MR. HALEY – PLEASE LET ME PAY YOU FOR YOUR HELP
NO, MISS– I'VE FOUND THAT TAKING MONEY SEEMS TO WEAKEN THE OLD PSYCHIC FACULTIES.. STRANGE, ISN'T IT? BUT I'D BE GLAD OF SOMETHING IN THE OXFAM BOX

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
'OW D D IT GO, PRINCESS?
WILLIE, YOU STRUCK OIL WITH THAT IDEA OF YOURS — LET'S GO AND SEE SIR GERALD
YOU MEAN THIS PSYCHIC BLOKE ACTUALLY PUT 'IS FINGER ON MRS. DRAKE?
NOT EXACTLY, BUT HE GAVE ME ENOUGH POINTERS... SHE'S WITH A CIRCUS, WILLIE A SMALL TENTING CIRCUS, I SHOULD THINK...
AND I DON'T DOUBT THAT KORZON AND THE REST OF HIS SPY-CELL ARE THERE WITH HER.
576
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A CONTINENTAL CIRCUS OVER HERE ON TOUR — IT'S AN IDEAL COVER FOR RUNNING FOREIGN AGENTS, GETTING THEM IN AND OUT OF THE COUNTRY
SWITCH PASSPORTS, CHANGE THE PHOTOS, AND ALF A DOZEN MEN GO BACK WHILE A NEW LOT STAY BEHIND
FRASER, I WANT A LIST OF ALL CIRCUSES OPERATING IN THIS COUNTRY — THEY MUST BE LICENSED BY SOME AUTHORITY OR OTHER, SO IT SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG
577
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
LATE EVENING, AT COMMANDER CHALLON'S COTTAGE...
WHO S IT?
MODESTY BLAISE — WE THINK WE'VE LOCATED KORZON AND HIS MEN, COMMANDER...
AT A TENTING CIRCUS NEAR CANTERBURY — AND WILLIE'S OUTSIDE WITH THE CAR IF YOU WANT TO COME WITH US
JUST GIVE ME TIME TO PUT A JACKET ON — DID TARRANT SEND YOU TO PICK ME UP?
NO BUT I REMEMBERED YOU SAYING THAT YOU WANTED TO BE THERE
I DO, AND YOU'RE VERY KIND, MY DEAR
578
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HALF-AN HOUR BEFORE MIDNIGHT. A MILE FROM Chard's Mammoth Circus and Funfair, CARS ASSEMBLE WITH A DOZEN PLAIN-CLOTHES MEN
SO YOU DECIDED TO COME DOWN YOURSELF, SIR GERALD?
AH MODESTY, THERE YOU ARE I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D MISSED THE RENDEZ-VOUS
WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT? I MADE IT QUITE CLEAR THAT
GOOD EVENING, GERALD... D.D YOU FORGET ABOUT ME?
NO, I DIDN'T FORGET, ROGER ... NOW WILL YOU ALL PLEASE LEAVE THE POLICE TO HANDLE THIS MATTER!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN ONE OF THE LARGE CIRCUS CARAVANS...

WE BOARD SHIP FOR FRANCE IN FIVE DAYS— YOU GET THAT BEARD SHAVED OFF TOMORROW, KORZON

AND YOU, MRS. DRAKE, PUT A BIT MORE GO INTO YOUR *GIPSY ZELDA* SIDE-SHOW— THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A *CIRCUS!*

HOW MANY OF YOUR STAFF AND PERFORMERS ARE *OUR* PEOPLE, CHARD?

VERY FEW— AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE REST NOTICING NEW FACES IN THE CIRCUS... I PAY THE KIND OF MONEY THAT MAKES PEOPLE SHORT SIGHTED

THE PLAIN-CLOTHES MEN MOVE IN QUIETLY

580

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I STILL THINK THE POLICE SHOULD BE ARMED— THESE MEN ARE KILLERS

THIS IS ENGLAND, MY DEAR... THE POLICE WAIT UNTIL SOMEBODY SHOOTS AT THEM BEFORE THEY APPLY FOR FIRE-ARMS TO BE ISSUED

THE DOOR OF CHARD'S CARAVAN OPENS

MR CHARD? I'M A POLICE OFFICER, AND I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT...

581

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THEY'VE SHOT INSPECTOR REES, SIR— HE'S BADLY HURT!

WILLIE

MODESTY AND HER MAN FRIDAY HAVE GONE, I BELIEVE? I DON'T WEAR YOU TRY TO STOP THEM THIS TIME GERALD

I'VE A FLEXIBLE MIND, ROGER— ESPECIALLY WHEN UNARMED POLICEMEN ARE GETTING SHOT

582

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

FIVE OF THEM, SIR, ONE WAS A WOMAN. THEY WENT THAT WAY

HAVE YOUR MEN TRY TO KEEP CONTACT, SERGEANT BUT THEY MUSTN'T ATTEMPT TO CLOSE!

THEY'LL MAKE FOR THE TRANSPORT LINES, GERALD

SO WILL MODESTY

HOLD IT, KORZON!

THAT'S *BLAISE!*

583

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A SUDDEN RATTLE OF GUNFIRE - AND VICTOR GOES DOWN WITH A SHATTERED LEG
THEY'RE DOUBLING BACK
NOT MRS DRAKE!
DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE IN! I DIDN'T WANT TO GO WITH THEM—
UUH!
KORZON TURNS, AND WITH COLD PRECISION SHOOTS MRS DRAKE DOWN
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ONE WOUNDED, SIR GERALD, AND MRS. DRAKE DEAD KORZON SHOT HER WHEN SHE TRIED TO QUIT
SO THERE ARE ONLY THREE LEFT...
NO SIR - THEY'VE BEEN JOINED BY HALF A DOZEN MORE, AND THEY'RE HOLED UP IN THAT BIG "Haunted House" SIDESHOW!
TRANSPORT?
MUST BE
WILL YOU PLEASE TRANSLATE YOUR SHORT-HAND FOR LESSER MINDS!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TWO GUNS FOR YOUR MEN, SIR GERALD — WILL YOU HAVE THEM COVER THE OUTSIDE OF THIS "HAUNTED HOUSE" PLACE?
YES - BUT WHY HAVE KORZON AND HIS MEN GONE TO GROUND THERE?
THEY CAN USE THE TWO CAPTURED GUNS— ALL RIGHT, WILLIE, START SWINGING THAT SLEDGE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS WILLIE BREAKS THROUGH THE TIMBER WALL OF "The Haunted House"...
THERE SHE S, PRINCESS ALL SET FOR A GETAWAY— MUST BE A DOOR OUT SOMEWHERE
LOOK OUT, WILLIE — THEY'RE HERE

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TWO DEAD SIR GERALD – THE REST TURNED BACK
'VE WI PPED THE ROTOR-ARM, PRINCESS – JUST IN CASE
SEE – THERE'S A TORCH IN THE CAR WILLIE THEY M GHT K... THE L GHTS IN THIS PLACE ANY MINUTE
F THEY DO, I COULD WE... BE OF SOME USE
588
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN A SMALL ROOM AMID THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS IN "The Haunted House"
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY CAN'T WE TAKE THE CAR?
WITH BLAISE THERE WA TING FOR US?
'M CUTT NG THE POWER TO LEVEL THE ODDS – SHE'S DEATH WITH THAT GUN SO WE'L ALL FIGHT BLIND!
589
THE LIGHTS GO OUT...
WE'LL SPLIT N TWO GROUPS AND TRY BLASTING OUR WAY OUT – ONE THROUGH THE ENTRANCE, THE OTHER THROUGH THE UNDERFLOOR GARAGE!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS...
THE L GHTS HAVE GONE ROGER
AH... THEN IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PLAY SEE NG - EYE DOG N REVERSE DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, GERALD
HOW GOOD ARE YOU, COMMANDER?
F A MAN BREATHES OR MOVES A FINGER WITH N TWENTY PACES, I CAN GIVE YOU RANGE AND POSITION
WAIT WH LE I RELOAD – YOU CAN PICK YOUR KNIFE UP WHEN WE REACH THE TOP OF THOSE STAIRS, WILLIE... BUT ONLY USE THE TORCH FOR A SPL T-SECOND GLIM
590
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COMMANDER CHALLON, A BLIND MAN AT HOME IN TOTAL DARKNESS, LEADS THE WAY...
DOOR HERE SOMEWHERE
NOBODY WITH N TWENTY PACES OF IT... 'L GO THROUGH F RST AND L STEN AGA N
ALONG THE TWISTING CORRIDORS...
THEY'L BE COMING THIS WAY – YOU KEEP W TH ME, THE OTHERS WA T HERE... AND DON'T SHINE THAT
THE WORD!
591

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE ENFOLDING DARKNESS, A BLIND MAN COMES INTO HIS OWN . . .
Two people ahead ... at fifteen yards not moving ... there
Take the torch, give me thirty seconds to warn Willie, then put the beam on them, Commander
both yours, Willie, and make it hilt not point. We want a few still wriggling for Tarrant— I'll only shoot if I have to
592
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
GHALLON HOLDS THE TORCH AT ARM'S LENGTH .. HIS ACUTE HEARING PINPOINTS THE SOUND OF BREATHING, AND THE BEAM LEAPS OUT
WILLIE'S KNIFE BALANCED TO MAKE ONE REVOLUTION IN TWELVE-AND-A-HALF FEET IS THROWN WITH BIAS TO STRIKE HILT FIRST
THE SECOND KNIFE IS IN THE AIR AS THE FIRST REACHES ITS TARGET AND MODESTY IS ALREADY ON THE MOVE
HOLD THE BEAM, COMMANDER!
593
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE'S SECOND KNIFE THUDS HOME
WATCH IT, PRINCESS. THEY'RE ONLY GROGGY — NOT ENOUGH WEIGHT TO CHILL 'EM!
594
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WALTER LUNGES FOR THE GUN
KEEP YOUR 'EAD DOWN, PRINCESS
595

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE BLACKNESS OF "The Haunted House"...
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT THUMPING?
MAYBE THE BOYS RAN INTO BLAISE..
KORZON! YOU WERE WITH CHARDY'S GROUP!
I LOST THEM— CHARDY'S IDEA OF CUTTING THE POWER WAS STUPID, IF WE DON'T MOVE OUT FAST WE WON'T STAND A CHANCE, SO LET'S GET STARTED!
AHEAD, ALONG THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS...
DOUSE THE TORCH IF IT'S ON MODESTY! TWO ...THREE... FOUR MEN COMING—MOVING ALONG FAST— MUST BE USING A LIGHT!
596
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES, AND KEEP GOING
SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR THERE!
WALTER AND REINZ—THEY WENT ON AHEAD KORZON
OUT COLD, BUT ALIVE...
...WHO'S THE THIRD ONE?
ABOVE, MODESTY AND WILLIE ARE BRACED IN AN ARCH BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THE CORRIDOR
597
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
KORZON STARES DOWN AT A FACE HE DOES NOT KNOW—THE FACE OF COMMANDER CHALLON
DO YOU KNOW THIS ONE IN THE DARK GLASSES?
NO!
HE'S NOT ONE OF OURS, KORZON!
ABOVE, BRACED ACROSS THE PASSAGE, MODESTY PINCHES WILLIE'S ARM IN A SIGNAL
UHH!
AND CHALLON'S FISTS SMASH UPWARDS
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HELP CHALLON, WILLIE!
NO! THEY KILLED MY JEANNIE! I'LL TAKE NO HELP FOR THIS ONE— OR HINDRANCE!
THE BLIND MAN'S HANDS GRIP KORZON'S THROAT WITH CRUSHING FORCE
598

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS THE BLIND MAN'S GRIP ON KORZON TIGHTENS...

STOP HIM, WILLIE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE... IT WAS THE ONE WITH THE BEARD... THE ONE WHO ORDERED THOSE SWINE TO KILL MY JEANNIE...

600

YES... THAT WAS KORZON

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

KORZON DIES... AND COMMANDER CHALLON UNLOCKS HIS HANDS FROM THE DEAD MAN'S THROAT...

I'LL TELL THE POLICE YOU *TRIED* TO STOP ME KILLING HIM

NOT IF I'D GOT TO HIM FIRST, WILLIE

YOU NEEDN'T— I WAS GOING TO SIGN THAT BASKET OFF MESELF

601

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THERE'S ANOTHER HALF-DOZEN OF THEM SOMEWHERE— CAN YOU HEAR ANYTHING, COMMANDER?

THE BLIND MAN LISTENS

NO... THERE'S NOTHING MOVING ANYWHERE NEAR US

I BASHED A HOLE IN THE PLANKING WITH THAT BLOKE'S 'EAD, PRINCESS— LET'S SEE IF ANYTHING'S 'APPENING OUTSIDE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE PULLS AWAY THE BROKEN MATCHWOOD AND LOOKS OUT OF "The Haunted House"

NOTHING TO SEE, PRINCESS...

ALL DEAD QUIET OUT THERE

TARRANT *MUST* BE COVERING THE PLACE AGAINST A BREAK-OUT, WILLIE

THE CIRCUS MAINTENANCE CREW HAVE GOT EVERYTHING RIGGED, SIR GERALD— AND AN AMBULANCE IS ON THE WAY FOR INSPECTOR REES

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT

602

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NEAR THE EXIT OF "The Haunted House"
STAY CLOSE TOGETHER, MOVE FAST, AND SHOOT DOWN ANYONE WHO GETS BETWEEN US AND THE TRANSPORT
NOW!
HERE COMES A BUNCH OF THEM, SIR!
GET READY WITH THAT WHISTLE
604
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THERE'S ABOUT SIX OF 'EM MAKING A BREAK FOR IT, PRINCESS—
—NO SIGN OF ANYONE TRYING TO CLOBBER 'EM!
WHAT THE HELL'S TARRANT DOING? YOU PICKED UP TWO GUNS FOR HIS MEN TO USE!
IF THEY'RE NOT SHOOTING IT'S BECAUSE HE'S GOT A BETTER IDEA... LET ME SEE, WILLIE
605
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FROM "The Haunted House," MODESTY LOOKS DOWN UPON THE ESCAPING MEN...
TARRANT MUST HAVE A PITCH—I DON'T WANT TO QUEER IT
WORTH A SHOT, PRINCESS?
NOW!
AS THE WHISTLE SHRILLS, A DOZEN SPOTLIGHTS CONVERGE ON CHARD'S GROUP
STRAIGHT AHEAD! AND START SHOOTING!
606
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS THE SPOTLIGHTS PICK OUT CHARD AND HIS MEN, THERE COMES A SECOND SHRILL BLAST OF THE WHISTLE...
HIGH-PRESSURE JETS FROM TWO HOSES SMASH INTO THE GROUP WITH SHATTERING FORCE
607

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHAT'S 'APPENING, PRINCESS?
TAKE A LOOK
THE TWO HIGH-POWERED JETS OF WATER BATTER KORZON'S MEN TO THE GROUND
SIR GERALD HAS PICKED UP A COUPLE OF HYDRANTS AND GOT HOSES GOING
DOES THE JOB AN' SAVES CASUALTIES — A VERY NICE STROKE! 'E'S A CRAFTY OLD BIRD, SIR G...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SO KORZON IS DEAD... STRANGLED, THE DOCTOR SAYS
DIFFICULT FOR MY REPORT... IT DOESN'T SMACK OF SELF-DEFENCE OR MINIMUM FORCE
IT WASN'T, GERALD, I—
WE FOUND KORZON LIKE THAT—ONE OF HIS OWN PEOPLE MUST HAVE DONE IT
THAT'S RIGHT... SAME AS HE KNOCKED OFF MRS. DRAKE
THANK YOU, THAT WILL DO SPLENDIDLY
609

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE ROUND-UP OF THE SPY-RING...
ANOTHER DRINK BEFORE WE GO, SIR GERALD?
NOT IF WE'RE TO PLAY AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE FOURSOME BEFORE LUNCH, MY DEAR
UP-RIVER BY LAUNCH TO WILLIE GARVIN'S PUB, "The Treadmill"
I'VE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT CHALLON, MODESTY—HE WAS ONLY LIVING TO SEE JEANNIE'S KILLERS TAKEN, AND I'M A LITTLE AFRAID THAT NOW...
SO WAS I
THAT'S WHY I PUT HIM IN WILLIE GARVIN'S CHARGE— THEY'VE BEEN WALKING AND CLIMBING IN SCOTLAND
CLIMBING?
610

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A GOLF COURSE NEAR "The Treadmill," WHERE COMMANDER CHALLON IS STAYING AS WILLIE GARVIN'S GUEST...
TWO-FIFTY YARDS, COMMANDER, AND THAT'S YOUR DIRECTION
RIGHT, WILLIE— STAND CLEAR
LOVELY! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE PRINCESS AN' SIR G. TO THE CLEANERS ON THIS ROUND
THANK GOD FOR WILLIE... I DON'T KNOW HOW HE'S BROUGHT CHALLON OUT OF THAT SUICIDAL DEPRESSION
BY NOT TREATING HIM AS A BLIND MAN— DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE OUT POACHING TWO NIGHTS AGO?
611

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SO YOU'RE OFF TO CALIFORNIA NEXT WEEK?
YES... JUST FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS' HOLIDAY
I ENVY YOU... I EVEN ENVY CHALLON... I COULD DO WITH SOME OF THE THERAPY WILLIE'S GIVEN HIM
YOU?
MY DEAR, I PUT JEANNIE CHALLON ON THE JOB THAT KILLED HER—SHE'S NOT THE FIRST AND SHE WON'T BE THE LAST... IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO LIVE WITH